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MAY MOVE BODY OF COMMODORE M'DONOUGH

Champlain Tercentary Committee Asks Permission of Hero's Descendants.

Remains Now Lie in Middletown Marked Only by Small Stone Slab.

McDonough Commanded American Fleet in Battle of Lake Champlain, Victoriously Fought Sept. 17, 1814, in Plattsburg Bay, Against a Superior British Force.

Middletown, April 1.—The descendants of Commodore Thomas McDonough, the hero of Lake Champlain, have been asked to consent to the removal of his body from Riverside cemetery in this city to Plattsburg on the shores of Cumberland Bay. The family of Commodore McDonough are considering the matter.

The request came from the McDonough committee of the Lake Champlain Association who are making the plans for the tercentenary celebration of the discovery of the body.

The celebration is to be attended by President Taft, Vice President Sherman, Senator Root and other men of national reputation, and it seems particularly appropriate that the suggestion be made at this time.

As to the transportation of the body, the family consent, a small torpedo boat, or if the passage through the Champlain canal make it more desirable a light-house inspection boat will probably be provided by the government to carry the body down the Connecticut river, up the Hudson, and through the canal and lake. Fitting ceremonies would be observed at Plattsburg as well as at Plattsburgh, in which the Navy department would be represented.

At present his grave is marked only by a small slab about four feet in height.

Though Commodore McDonough was not born in this city he spent practically all of his life here. His house stood on the site of the Y. M. C. A. building, it was torn down at the time that building was erected.

Some of the wooden residence, was placed in El K. Hubbard's residence. The battle of Lake Champlain was among the great naval battles of the War of 1812. Commodore McDonough who was at that time only 31 years of age was in command of a small American fleet in the lake. A British fleet carrying more guns and more men attacked him on September 11, 1814, in Plattsburg Bay. At the first broadside fired by the enemy a young crane-boat kept a pot shot at McDonough's ship, the Saratoga, flew up on a gun; slapping his wings he gave a crow of defiance like the blast of a trumpet.

Swinging their hats McDonough's men cheered the bird again and again. They went into the fight with such ardor that in less than three hours all the British ships that had not hauled down their flags were scudding to a place of safety, as rapidly as possible. That ended the invasion of the lake. Within a few months the treaty of peace was signed.

McDonough continued to serve his country until his death in 1835. He was in command of the fleet in the Mediterranean when he was taken ill and had to be relieved from duty. He died at sea and was buried in a city which had been his home so many years.

It seems strange that Middletown has never erected a monument to mark his resting place. Not even a street in this city is named after the hero.

The anniversary which is to be celebrated this year is the centenary of the discovery of Lake Champlain by Samuel de Champlain, the famous French explorer.

"Kid Terry" Knocked Out by Strikebreaker

Young Woman Gives Him One in Eye in Resentment for Word "Scab."

(Special from United Press.) South Norwalk, March 31.—Tony Tortorelli, a featherweight of local reputation, who fights under the name of "Kid Terry," is nursing a discolored and swollen optic to-day while the prosecuting attorney is investigating his complaint against his alleged assailant, Miss Estelle Rutherford, a 17 year old girl employed as a telephone operator at the hat factory of Crofut and Knapp.

The alleged assault occurred last evening as the strike-breaking employees of the hat company were leaving the shop. Tony was standing on the curb and shouting to Miss Rutherford's statement, called her "Scab." In an instant Miss Rutherford's tiny fist shot out and landed on Tony's eye, after which she continued on her way.

Unwilling enough the Doctors, of whom there were eight or ten sitting apart, rose to do the King's bidding. They came on toward the king, and of them singing songs, and some muttering charms, and as they came he laughed and said:

"I am looking at you very angrily." Then they too broke away to right and left, crying out that this was a wizard's spell, and that he had no power.

Now Dingman grew mad with wrath, and shouted to his soldiers to seize the white man, and if he resisted to kill him with their swords. For of witchcraft they had known enough in Zululand of late.

So thick as bees the regiment formed up in front of him, shouting and waving their kerries, for here in the King's Palace they bore no spears.

"Make way there," said Richard, "I can stay no longer. I must to the north."

The soldiers did not stir, only a captain stepped out bidding him give up his spear and yield himself to be killed. Richard walked forward, and at a sign from the captain, men sprang at him, lifting their kerries, to dash out his brains. Then suddenly in front of Richard there appeared something faint and white, something that walked before him. The soldiers saw it, and the kerries fell from their hands. The regiment behind saw it, and turning, burst away like a scared herd of cattle. They did not wait to seek the cause, they burst through the fence of the enclosure, and were gone, leaving it flat behind them. The King and his Councilors saw it also, and more clearly than the rest.

"The Inkosazana!" they cried. "It is the Inkosazana who walks before him that she loved!" and they fell upon their faces. Only Dingman remained seated on his stool.

"Go," he said hoarsely to Richard, "go, thou wizard, north or south or west, if thou wilt take thy Spirit with thee, for she bodes evil to my land."

So Richard, who had seen nothing, vanished away from the kral, Umsungundlovu, and once more set his face towards the north, the north that drew him as it draws the needle of a compass. The road that Rachel and the dwarf had travelled he travelled also. Although from day to day he knew not where his feet would lead him, still he travelled it step by step. Nor did any hurt come to him. In the country where men dwell, being forewarned of his coming by messengers, they brought him food and guarded him, and when he passed out into the wilderness some other power guarded him. He had no fear at all. At night he would lie down without a fire, and lions would roar about him, but they never harmed him. He would plunge into a swamp or a river and always

THE LADY OF THE HEAVENS.

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(Continued.)

So he left what had been the town of Zululand. Walking along the edge of the plain, which he knew he must not on fire, he climbed the walls built with so much toil to keep out the Zululand, and at last came to the river which Rachel had sworn. It was now now, and wading it he entered Zululand. Here the natives seemed to know of his approach, for they gathered in the streets to see him, and put foot in his path. But they would not speak to him, and when he addressed them, saying that he followed a Dream and that he had seen the spirit of the king, they cried out that he was tagati, bewitched, and fled away.

He continued his journey, finding each night but prepared for him to sleep in, and food for him to eat, till at length one evening he reached the Great Place, Umsungundlovu. Through the streets he marched with a set face, while thousands stared at him in silence. Then a captain pointed out a hut to him, and into it he entered, and slept. At dawn he rose, for he knew that here he must not tarry; the spirit face of Rachel still hung before him, the spirit voice still whispered "Forward, forward to the north. I myself will be your guide." In his path sat the King and his Councilors, and around them a regiment of men, who walked through them unheeding till at length, when he was in front of the King, they barred his road, and he halted.

"Who art thou and what is thy business?" asked an old Councilor with a withered hand.

"I am Richard Darro," he answered, "and here I have no business. I journey to the north. Stay me not."

"We know thee," said the Councilor, "thou art the lord Darro, the last of the Inkosazana, the white chief whom the wild beast, Iphubesi, slew at the kral's side. Why dost thou come here, Richard? What dost thou seek?"

"Living or dead, ghost or man, I travel to the north. Stay me not," he answered.

"What seekest thou in the north, thou lord Darro?"

"I seek a Dream; a Spirit leads me to find a Dream in the north."

"Come, stand at my side and look there, dost thou see it floating in the air before thee? Thou hast ever, Richard, a Dream?"

Mopo came and looked, then his knees trembled a little and he said: "Thou art right, I see and I know that face."

"Thou knowest the face, old fool," broke in Dingman angrily. "Then whose is it?"

"O King," answered Mopo, dropping his eyes, "it is not lawful to speak the name, but the face is the face of one who eat water, the wanderer, and showed these certain pictures in a bowl of water."

Now Dingman trembled, for the memory of those visions haunted him night and day; moreover he thought at times that they drew near to their fulfillment.

"The white man is mad," he said, "and thou, Mopo, art mad also. I have often thought it, and that it would be well if thou wentest on a long journey for thy health. The Darro shall stay here, while I will suffer him to wander through my land crazing the people with his tales of dreams and visions. Take him and hold him; the circle of the Doctors shall inquire into the matter."

So Dingman spoke, who in his heart was afraid lest this wild-eyed Darro should learn that he had given the Inkosazana to the dwarf folk when she was mad, to appease them after they had prophesied evil to him. Also he feared that if he did not do this, the murders done by Iphubesi that the Inkosazana had gone mad, and did not understand if Darro had been killed at the kral's side could have it could be that he now stood before him. Therefore he thought that he would keep him a prisoner until he found out all the matter, and then he would release him, if he was still a man or a ghost or a wizard clothed in the shape of the dead.

At the bidding of the King, guards sprang forward to seize Richard, but the old Councilor, Mopo, sprang away behind him hiding his eyes with his withered hand. They sprang forward, and yet they did not touch him, but fell off to right and left, saying:

"Kill us, if thou wilt, Black One, we cannot!"

"The wisest has bewitched them," said Dingman angrily. "Here, you Doctors, take this white fellow and bind him!"

Unwilling enough the Doctors, of whom there were eight or ten sitting apart, rose to do the King's bidding. They came on toward the king, and of them singing songs, and some muttering charms, and as they came he laughed and said:

"I am looking at you very angrily." Then they too broke away to right and left, crying out that this was a wizard's spell, and that he had no power.

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pass it safely. When water failed he would find it without search; when there was no food, it would come to be brought to him. Once an eagle dropped a bustard at his feet. Once he found a buck fresh slain by leopards. Once where he was very hungry he saw that he had laid down to sleep by a nest of ostrich eggs, and this food he cooked, making fire after the native fashion with sharp sticks, as he knew how to do.

At length all the swamps were passed, and in the third week of his journey he reached the sloping uplands, on the edge of which he awoke one morning to find himself surrounded by a circle of great men, giants, who stood staring at him. He arose, thinking that at last his hour had come, as it seemed to him that they were about to kill him. But instead of killing him these huge men saluted him humbly, and offered him food upon their knees, and new hide shoes for his feet—for his own were worn out—and cloaks and garments of skin, which things he accepted thankfully, for by now he was almost naked. Then they brought a litter and wished him to enter it, but this he refused. Heeding them no more, as soon as he had eaten and gilled his bag and water-bottle, he started on towards the north. Indeed, he could not have stayed if he had wished; his brain seemed to be full of one thought only, to travel till he reached his journey's end, whatever it might be, and before his eyes saw one thing only, the spirit face of Rachel, that led him on towards that end. Sometimes it was there for hours, then for hours again it would be absent.

When it was present he looked at it; when it was gone he dreamed of it, for him it was longer the same. But one thing was ever with him, that magnet in his heart which drew his feet towards the north, and from step to step showed him the road that he should travel.

A number of the stout men accompanied him. He noticed it, but took no heed. So long as they did not attempt to stay or turn him he was indifferent whether they came or went away. As a result he travelled in much more comfort, since now everything was made easy and ready for him. Thus he was fed with the best that the land provided, and at night shelters were built for him to sleep in. He discovered that a captain of the giants could understand a few words of some native language which he knew, and asked him why they helped him. The captain replied by order of "Mother of Trees" might be Richard was unable to discover, so he gave up his attempts at talk and walked on.

They traversed the fertile uplands and reached the edge of the fearful desert. It did not frighten him; he plunged into it as he would have plunged into a sea, or a lake of fire, had it lain in his way. He was like a bird whose instinct at the approach of summer or of winter leads it without doubt or error to some far spot beyond continents and oceans, some land that it has never seen, leads it in surety and peace to its appointed goal.

With him into the desert, also carriers who bore skins of water. In that burning heat the journey was dreadful, yet Richard accomplished it, wearying down all his escort, until at its further lip but one man was left. There even he sank exhausted and began to heat up a little, and Richard, who carried, which drum had been passed on to him by those who were left behind. But Richard was not exhausted; his strength seemed to be greater than it had ever been before, or that which drew him forward had acquired more power. He wondered vaguely why a man should choose such a place and time to play upon a drum, and went on alone.

Before him, some miles away, he saw a forest of towering trees that stretched further than his eye could reach. As he approached that forest heading for a certain tall tree, why he thought not, the sunset dyed red his thought that he had been on fire, and he thought that he discerned little shapes fitting to and fro amidst the boles of trees. Then he entered the forest, whereof the boughs arched above him like the endless roof of a cathedral borne upon innumerable pillars. There was deep gloom that grew presently to darkness, wherein here and there glowworms shone faintly like tapers dying before an altar, and winds sighed like echoes of evening prayers. He could see to walk no longer, sudden weariness overcame him, so according to his custom he laid himself down to sleep at the bole of a great tree.

A while had passed, he never knew how long, when Richard was awakened from deep slumber by feeling many hands firmly at work upon him. These hands were small like those of children; this he could tell from the touch of them, although the darkness was so dense that he was able to see nothing. Two of them gripped him by the throat so as to prevent him from crying out; others passed cords about his wrists, ankles and middle until he was bound as with a single limb. Then he was dragged back a few paces and lashed to the bole of a tree, as he guessed, that under which he had been sleeping. The hands let go of him, and his throat being free he called out for help. But those vast forest aisles seemed to swallow up his voice. It fell back on him like the canopy of boughs above, it was lost in the immense silence. Only from close at hand he heard little peals of tinn and chuckling laughter. So he too grew silent, for who was there to help him here?

He struggled to loose himself, for the impatient power which had guided him so far was now at work within him more strongly than ever before. It called to him to come, it drew him onward, it whispered to him that the goal was near. But the more he writhed and twisted the deeper did the cruel cords or creepers cut into his flesh. Yet he fought on, till utterly exhausted, his head fell forward, and he swooned away.

CHAPTER XXIV. The End and the Beginning.

On the day following that when she had summoned Richard to speak with her, Nyasa sat at the mouth of the cave. It was late afternoon, and already the shadows gathered so quickly that save for her little light, her little childlike shape, withered now almost to a skeleton, was scarcely visible against the black rock. Walking to and fro in her aimless fashion, as she would do for hours at a time, Rachel accompanied by Nole passed and repassed her, till at length the old woman lifted her head and listened to something which was quite inaudible to her ears. Then she beckoned to Nole, who led Rachel to her.

"Miden beloved," she said in a feeble voice, after they had sat down in front of her, "my hour has come. I have sent for thee to bid thee farewell till we meet again, in the country where thou hast travelled for a little while. Before the sun sets I pass within the fence."

At this time Rachel began to weep, for she had learned to love this old dwarf-woman who had been so kind to her in her misery, and she was now so weak that she could not restrain her tears.

"Mother," she said, "for thee it is joy to go. I know it, and therefore cannot wish that thou shouldst stay. Yet what shall I do when thou hast left me alone amidst all these cruel folk? Tell me, what shall I do?"

(To be Continued.)

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